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125

AN ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE Late King JAMES.

Written Originally in *French* at St. *Germains*,
And Dedicated to his SON the

PRINCE.

And now Tranſlated into *Engliſh* with very little Alteration:

The Second Edition.

Tu noſti opprobrium meum, pudoremque meum, &c. Coram te ſunt omnes hoſtes mei. Pſal. 69. 20.

Printed by *D. Edwards*, and Sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. 1701.

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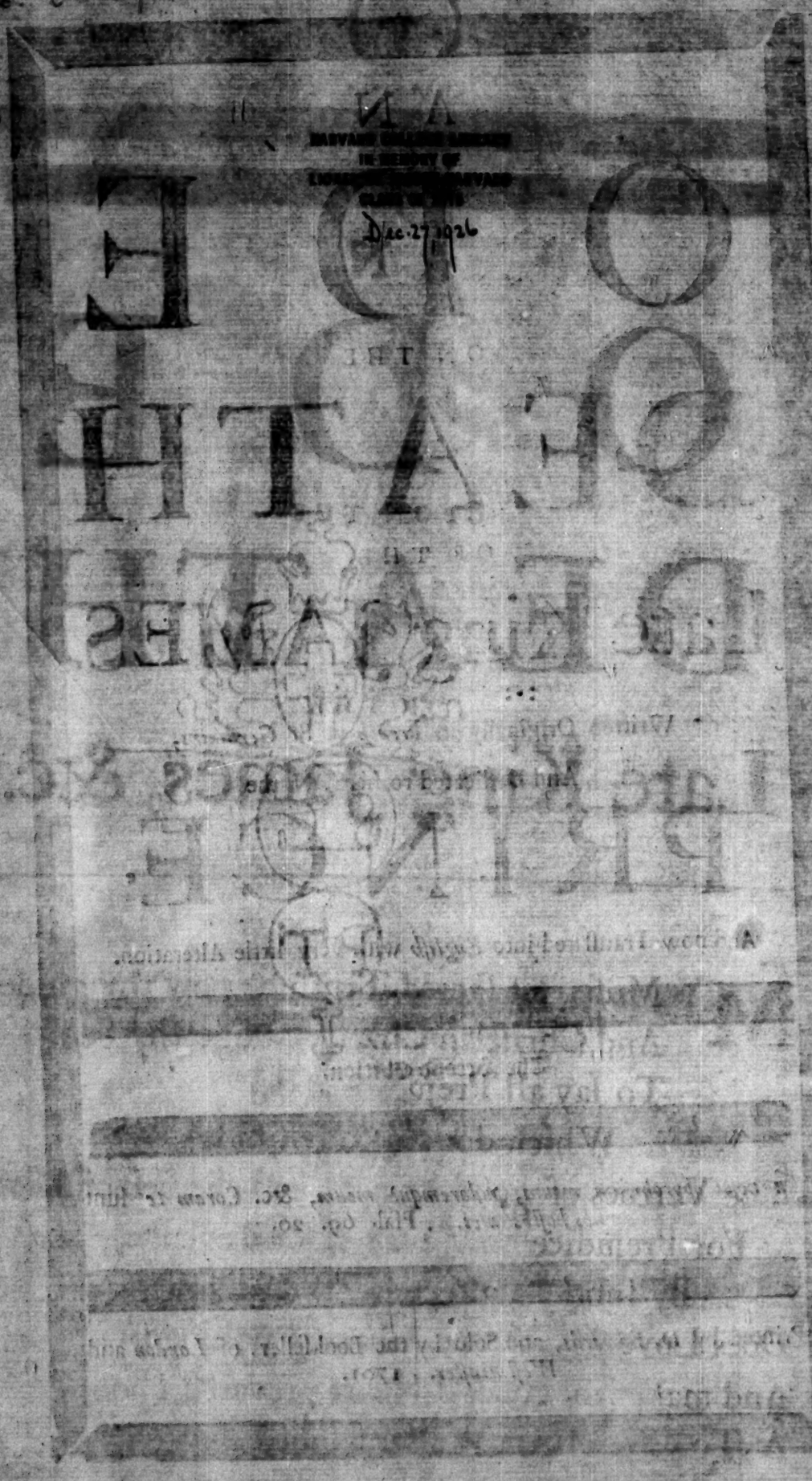

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AN

ODE

UPON THE

DEATH

OF THE

Late King James, &c.

I.

MY Muſe, let ſacred Truth be now thy guide,
And Chriſtian Charity oblige thy Pen
To lay all Prejudice aſide,
Which does too often hide
The Vertues of good Princes, and the beſt of Men;
For Prejudice thro' Int'reſt or Revenge,
By ſubtle Male-contents once ſown,
Does Love, Obedience, Charity unhinge,
And makes the Byaſs'd Heart prevail'd upon,
A Tool for others Welfare, not its own;

Alone

Alone 'tis the Infernal Seed of Strife,
And sowres the sweetest Acts of Human Life.

II.

It breeds Divisions, ruins Kings and States,
Cancels all Obligations in a trice,
Defames, Depose, Illegitimates,
And gives Assistance to each base Devise;
Loves without Merit, without Cause oft hates,
And always is too forward or too nice.
Makes well done Actions ill receiv'd,
And what deserves our Thanks and our Applause
If not misconstru'd unbeliev'd;
Who harbours it must surely be deceiv'd
And made a Tooth in Envy's Jaws,
Giving too little Credit or too much,
Its very Nature's such;
'Tis guided by no Reason, govern'd by no Laws.
And to such black Ingratitude is bent,
It wounds the very Heart that gives it Nourishment.

III.

Therefore my Muse, be vigilent to shun
Both Prejudice and Partiality
Steer clear of either Vanity,
That when thy Task is done Those

Thou like thy self may'st say,
Thou'st kept the middle way,
From both those Errors free;
Neither let fear thy Just Intentions awe,
But speak those Truths and pay that Reverence
Due both by Heav'n and Natures Law,
To th' sacred Memory of a Pious Prince,
Whose great Misfortunes, like a Cloudy Night,
Made but the Taper of his Life more bright.

V.

Great *James*, to his most venerable Duft,
My Muſe her ſmall Oblation pays:
A Prince ſo Vertuous and ſo juſt,
That ev'n his Adverſaries muſt
Crown his true Chriſtian Piety with Praiſe;
How Juſtly may I ſtile him Great,
Who gain'd Content by what he loſt,
And Fortunes Envy croſt,
Altho' ſhe ſhow'd her ſpight a thouſand ways,
With Patience and a peaceful Mind he ſat
Beneath the harſh decrees of Fate,
And would not be Unhappy tho' Unfortunate.

VI.

What Chriſtian Zeal? What Excellence Divine?
Muſt ſteer a Heart in ſuch rude Tempeſts toſt
To the ſafe Harbour of Content;

What King, except Good *James*, but would lament,
And tho' in vain Repine!
Who for no Cause but God's, a Diadem had loſt.
What Blemiſh truly was alligu'd,
That could his Vertues ſtain,
Religion only rais'd the Stormy wind,
That ruffl'd and diſturb'd his Reign;
That Faith repugnant to the Nations Laws,
By *England* ſo abhorr'd,
That *Abdication*'s Cauſe
By Pious *James* ſo faithfully ador'd;
That rather than his Principles diſown,
To ſave unblemiſh'd Conſcience, loſt his Throne:
Bleſt Prince, how happy muſt he be,
Who had no other Fault than Piety.

VI.

What ſtony Heart amongſt the Chriſtian Race,
That truly does his Vertues know,
But muſt a Cordial Sorrow ſhow,
A Prince poſſeſt of every Grace,
Shou'd ſuch hard Sufferings undergo.
The rugged ways our bleſt Redeemer trod,
To make the Path more eaſy to Mankind,
By *James* the patient and the Good,
Were carefully purſu'd,
As far as Human Nature cou'd;
For in his vertuous Life we do not find
His Failings were as ſuch deſign'd,
But rather Nature's ſlips than Errors of the Mind.

VII.

VII.

'Tis wrong to say he did himself Dethrone;
A Prince so just, could not deserve that Blame;
Twas others base Corruptions, not his own,
And Calumnies unjustly thrown,
That hurt the Injur'd Monarch's spotless Name;
What Ills were done, the Sable Tribe first Coin'd,
Which by Clandestine means were carry'd on,
He bore the blame of what the Priests design'd,
And was by them Misled in one.
Nor does the sinful Burthen all
Upon the Priests of Dagon fall,
That did from Foreign Regions come,
But equally on some
As bad as those both Born and Bred at Home.

VIII.

Thro' a false Glass the hoodwink'd Crowd,
Beheld the series of his Reign,
His worthy Actions disallow'd,
And with false Rumours did his Vertues stain.
Had his Good Life been truly seen,
And not misrepresented been;
Who would have then believ'd,
That Malice which the World deceiv'd,
Begot by Envy, and dispers'd with Hate,
To (without Cause) Calumniate

A Prince, whose Justice to the World's well known;
Who when Rebellion overflow'd
The Hearts of the ungrateful Crowd,
Lost with Content that darling Prize a Throne
That hurt the Injur'd Monarch's spotless Name:

The Faults of Princes who are Just and Good,
For none from Faults are absolutely free;
Thro' envious Statesmen's Microscopes are view'd,
Which magnifies what ills the People see,
That each small Error may surprise
The Subjects chaged Eyes,
And shown in Letters larger than it can be;
But when the People in the Throne
Set up an Idol of their own,
As *Oliver*, they'll vindicate his Right,
His blackest Crimes shall be by Art made white,
And by the Pow'r they've rais'd, are free to be un-done.
So Libertines in Wedlock noos'd,
Will no expence Repine,
To oblige a Concubine,
Whilst lawful Wives are slighted and abus'd.

How glad is the ungrateful Land
To basely bury in Oblivion!

How

How bravely on the Seas he bore Command,
To save a thankless People half undone;
Witness the Wars against the *Dutch*
That Fight alone will for his Conduct Vouch,
Wherein no greater Valour could be shown;
For those great Dangers once withstood,
So much to th' hazard of his Royal Blood,
He well deserv'd a Throne!
Inur'd to hardships and to Arms
His Princely Nature was exempt from fear;
No Prince on Earth could purchase Fame more dear
Belov'd abroad and only slighted here.

XI.

When his Good Injur'd Father's Fate
As much lamented as his own,
Had made his Princely Sons Unfortunate;
Who sought Protection from a Forreign Crown;
'Twas then the pious Youthful Prince,
Being warm'd with Early Zeal,
Suck'd in the *Roman* Influence,
That did the fearful Land Incense.
When the Reins justly to his Guidance fell,
Hard was his fatal Banishment,
Where none but *Roman* Faith was known,
And then for being in that a Saint,
'Twas harder yet to lose a Christian Throne;
But Laws tho' never so severely made,
Monarchs will be safe, must be obey'd.

Juſtice the Touch-ſtone of a Prince's Reign,
By which his other Vertues muſt be try'd;
No Prince more ſtrictly cou'd maintain,
Or baſe Ingratitude diſdain;
For none upon Good Conſcience more rely'd,
Gen'rous to Merit, Bountiful to all;
To every low degree Compaſſionate;
None could beneath his Hatred fall,
But muſt from vertues Rules degenerate:
A Grateful Maſter to his Civil Liſt,
And to a faithleſs Army kind;
None without pay tho' faulty were diſmiſt,
And none deſerving but Reward ſhould find;
No ſmall Neglects could his Diſpleaſure move;
No Enemy ſo great
That could incur his Hate;
But whom the beſt of Princes muſt abhor to love.

XIII.

What greater Inſtance could a Nation have
Of Juſtice, Honour, and true Royalty,
Than what Good *James*, that Pious Monarch gave,
To ſave the *Engliſh* Throne from Calumny;
His Royal Brother ſummon'd to the Grave,
Whoſe Mercy has perfum'd his ſacred Duſt,
And makes his Pious Memo'ry, like thy own,

Smell

Smell Fragrant to the Noſtrils of the Juſt,
And gives Immortal luſtre to that Throne
VVhich both have ſat upon;
Tho' *James*'s rigid Fate to Kings hath ſhown,
In Crowns there is no Truſt;
'Twas then is Brother's Debts he paid,
Of his own Choice, without the Nations Aid;
An Act moſt Glorious and Great,
Letting none want what they deſerv'd,
Nor be by long Attendance ſtarv'd,
Or at his foot-ſtool unregarded wait;
Strange impious Land, that heavenly Deeds like theſe,
Could not a ſtubborn People pleaſe!
Or the rude Malice of the Crowd appeaſe.

XIV.

When Royal *James* was ſeated on the Throne,
How happy might the Land have been,
Had we his Juſtice truly known,
And all his Vertues without Envy ſeen;
No Chriſtian Prince kept ſtricter to the Rules
Of that Religion he profeſt;
No holy *Sancroft*, bred in *Engliſh* Schools,
Could make his Piety more manifeſt;
The freedom of his Faith he moſt deſir'd,
But gave to all what he himſelf requir'd:
Yet each induſtrious Enemy,
To feed the Malice of the Times,
Turn'd all his Goodneſs into Crimes, And

And made ill use of well given Liberty.
For what was Thine a Fault, we plainly find
Is in another Pow'r thought well design'd.

XV.

But when the *Romish* Bug-bears fill'd the Court,
And openly in their hated Robes appear'd
Destruction of the Church the Nation fear'd,
And not without prevailing Reasons for't;
Not by the King, Just Prince, but by the Priests,
Whose vile Ambition knows no bounds;
Who rais'd before the Throne their holy mists,
And gave unseen by him their Rival Church her Wounds.
At last grew insolent and Proud
Upon the slender footing they had gain'd,
Which made the Jealous Kingdom cry aloud
To have their Pride and Arrogance restrain'd,
Which was by secret Enemies improv'd
Against that Monarch, once so well belov'd;
But basely from his knowledge hid
Whilst he incurr'd the Blame
Until the Breach was made so wide
By Calumnies thro' Malice spread,
That set the frighted Kingdom in a Flame;
Then did the injur'd Monarch see too late
Th' unhappy signs of his approaching Fate.

XVI.

When *Maudlin's* Antient walls by ill Advice
Of an Apostate were possest By

By that unwelcome Guest,
Wh' undid their Prince by their unlawful Riſe;
The hidden Snake that form'd the ill Deſign,
And did about his Maſter fawn and twine;
Widen'd th' unhappy Breach, and acted in diſguiſe.
With-held the Bounty of his Prince.
The Subject's due Submiſſion he conceal'd,
And by his Treacherous Offence
Poiſon'd that Wound cou'd never ſince be heal'd;
Unhappy Monarch! To be thus betray'd
By Vipers with his Favours fed,
To whom he'd been beyond Expectance kind;
But who can Gratitude or Juſtice find
In thoſe whom Heav'n can't pleaſe, or Human Friendſhip bind.

XVII.

The Troubles of the State grew ſtill more high,
And Envy plump'd her Cheeks with falſe Reports,
Rebels grew bold, and Loyalty grew ſhy;
The Crown unable to defy
Its Enemies Efforts.
The hair-brain'd Rabble ready to Rebel,
And ev'ry rude Mechanick brav'd the Throne;
The *Prieſts* into new *Purgatory* fell,
And found their *Pride* their *Intereſt* had undone:
All was confus'd, the Crown at hazard lay;
Its very Friends were fearful to Obey,
Whilſt Good men ſtudy'd to appeaſe the Croud,
But their ſmall Number were, alas, too few

To root up those ill Seeds the Bad had sow'd,
Whose Envious Products did the Mischief do;
The Rabble ripe to be deceiv'd,
Still ev'ry Flam and Sham believ'd
That round the Kingdom flew;
Thus too much Credit did the Herd Confound,
At last with Envy Drunk, their giddy Brains turn'd round.

XVIII.

When Rage and Envy thus the Land possest,
Which had too long with Peace been blest,
And threatning Dangers hover'd round the Throne,
As *Joseph* into *Ægypt* run
With *Mary* and her blessed Son,
To save Sweet Innocence from Cruelty;
So *James* with his *Maria* fled,
And the young Babe not Credited,
To shun the hair-brain'd Mobs Barbarity.
Joseph was warn'd of Angels in his Dreams
To into *Pharoah*'s Kingdom fly;
But Providence as kind to pious *James*,
Did the Good Angel's place Supply,
And led him into *France* to shun the rage
Of a malicious, Hood-wink'd, daring Age.

XIX.

Where fourteen Years in Solitude he spent
In pious Acts, and holy Exercise; His

His peaceful Soul adminiſtring Content,
Sat eaſy under all Calamities.
To no Revenge or Malice bent
Againſt his worſt of Enemies;
But like a Chriſtian Prince Forgiving all
That wrong'd his Mercy, and Contriv'd his Fall.
No Sufferings his Heroick Soul cou'd daunt!
And who like Him ſuch Sufferings cou'd have
Affronts enough to move a Saint! (born!
And Chriſtian Patience into Anger turn!
But peaceful *James* contented with his Fate,
Calmly ſubmitted to good Heav'ns decree,
And that which moſt would deem a wretched State,
He prov'd a happy Life by Piety,
And like the Chearful King in ſacred Story
His Pray'rs and humble Penitence
Was the ſure Shield of his Defence,
That made his Foes his Foot-ſtool, and his Wrongs
(his Glory.

XX.

When Age that Scythe by which Man's Life is mown,
That pays Regard or Deference to none,
Had by a gentle natural Decay
Giv'n a kind warning to the Royal Clay,
To fit his Soul for an Eternal Crown;
Who had t'wards Heaven ſuch due Regard
He was at no time unprepar'd;
But always ready to lay down

Earths

Earths trifling Grandeur for that bleſt Reward,
By Heav'n to Pious Princes ſhown,
When Time and Fate the Monarch found
Had bow'd his ſturdy Nature near the Ground;
Then to the loving Partner of his Wrongs,
And Injur'd Innocence that ſhar'd his Fate,
In words, as if they drop'd from Angels Tongues,
He did his Dying Sentiments relate;
Such Heavenly Love he did impart,
That melted ev'ry hearers Heart,
And fortified their Souls with ſuch Advice.
Enough to Arm their liſtning Ears
'Againſt all Human Cares and Fears,
And make 'em truly Vertuous and Wiſe;
Then finding Deaths Convulſions near,
In Dying-Words with Heart ſincere;
All his worſt Enemies by Name forgave,
And like a Lamb, ſlid calmly to the Grave.
Thus *James* the Juſt, whoſe Vertues will ſurvive
His Subjects Envy, whilſt his Aſhes Reſt,
Was once believ'd the Greateſt Prince alive;
But always truly known to be the Beſt.

F I N I S.